THE ROYAL GARLAND Of Love and D light.

Containing the lives of sundry Kings Queens, and Princes. With other Love Songs and Sonnets full of Delight. By T. D.

Whereunto is added a rare new Sonnet of the Restaura-tion of our Royal Soveraign *Charles* the Second, 1674.

LONDON

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THE ROYAL GARLAND OF LOVE and DELIGHT

The Life and Death of Lady *Rosamond*, King *Henry* the seconds Concubine.

Tune of *Flying Fame*.

When as King Henry rul'd this Land,
the second of that name:
Besides the Queen he dearly lov'd,
a fair and comely Dame:
Most peerless was her beauty found,
her favour and her face,
A sweeter creature in the world
did never Prince imbrace,
Her crimson locks like threads of gold,
appear'd to each mans sight,
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls,
did cast a heavenly light,
The blood within her Cristal Cheeks
did such a colour drive,
As though the Lilly and the Rose,
for mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elenor our Queen
was known a deadly foe.
The King therefore for her defence,
against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower
the like was never seen:
Most curiously that bower was built
of stone and timber strong,
A hundred and fifty doors there did
unto that Bower belong.
And for his love and Ladyes sake,
that was so fair and bright,
The keeping of that bower he gave
unto a valiant Knight:
For why the Kings ungracious son
whom he did high advance,
Against his Father raised war,
within the Realm of France.
But now before our comely King,
the English Land forsook,
Of Rosamond his Lady fair,
his farewel thus he took,
My Rosamond the only Rose,
that pleaseth best mine eye,
The fairest Rose in all the world
to please my phantasie:
The flower of my affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excell,

My Royal Rose an hundred times,
  I bid thee now farewell,
When *Rosamond* that Lady bright,
  did hear the King say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart,
  her countenance did show.
For from her clear and christial eyes,
  the tears gusht out apace.
Which like a silver pearled dew,
  ran down her comely face,
So falling down all in a swound,
  before King Henries face,
Full oft within his Princely arms
  he did her corps imbrace,
And twenty times with watry eyes,
  he kist her terde cheek,
Untill she had reviv'd again,
  her senses mild and meek.
Why grieves my Rose? my dearest Rose,
  the King did often say:
Because (quoth she) to bloody wars,
  my Lord must part away.
But sith you go to foraign Lands,
  let me your Target bear,
That on my brest the blow might light,
  that should annoy you there;
Or let me in your Royal Tent,
  prepare your bed at night.
And with sweet baths refresh your Grace,
  at your return from fight.
So I your presence may enjoy,

no toyl I will refuse.
But wanting you my life is death,
which doth true love abuse,
Content thy self my dearest friend,
thy rest at home shall be,
In Englands sweet and pleasant soyl
for travell fits not thee:
Fair Ladyes brook not bloody wars,
sweet peace their pleasure breed,
The nourisher of hearts content,
which fancy first did feed.
My Rose shall rest at Wodstock Bower,
with Musick sweet delight.
Whilst I among the piercing Pikes
against my foes do fight.
And you Sir Thomas whom I trust
to be my Loves defence,
Be careful of my Royal Rose,
when I am parted hence.
And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore,
After that day fair Rosamond,
the King did see no more,
For when his Grace had past the Seas
and into France was gone,
Queen Elinor with envious heart,
to Wodstock came anon:
And forth she calls the trusty Knight
that kept this curious Bower,
Who with a clew of twined thread
came from this famous flower.

And when that they had wounded him,
the Queen the thread did get,
And came where Lady Rosamond,
was like an Angel set,
Cast of these robes from thee (she said)
that rich and costly be,
And drink thou up this deadly draught
which I have brought for thee.
Then presently upon her knees,
fair Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she beg'd,
for her offences all.
And with the same her lilly hands,
she wrung full often there,
And down along her lovely cheeks,
proceeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeased be,
The Cup of deadly poyson fil'd
as she sate on her knee,
She gave this comely Dame to drink,
who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knees arose,
and on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to Heaven,
she did for mercy call,
And drinking up the Poyson then,
her life she lost withal.
And when that death through every part,
had done his greatest spight.

Her chief foes did there confess,
she was a glorious wight,
Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away:
At Godstow near to Oxford Town,
as may be seen this day.

A woful Lamentation of Queen *Elinor*,

Thrice woe is me unhappy Queen,
thus to offend my Princely Lord,
My foul offences too plainly seen,
and of good people much abhord:
I must confess my fault it was,
These bloody wars came thus to pass.
My jealous mind hath wrought my wo,
let all good Ladyes shun mistrust:
My envy wrought my overthrow,
by malice most unjust:
My sons did seek their Father's life,
By bloody wars and cruel strife.
But that which most torments my mind,
and makes my grieved heart complain:
Is for to think that most unkind,
I brought my self in such disdain:
That now the King cannot abide
I should be lodged by his side,
Full sixteen winters have I been,
in Prison in a Dungeon deep,
Whereby my joyes are wasted clean,

Where my poor eyes have learnt to weep,
And never shall I see him more,
Whose absence grieves my heart full sore.
Too much indeed I must confess,
I did abuse his Royal Grace,
And by my great maliciousness,
his wrong I wrought in every place:
And thus his Love I turn'd too late.
Sweet *Rosamond* that was so fair,
out of our curious Bower I brought;
A poisoned Cup I gave her there,
whereby her death was quickly wrought
The which I did with all despight,
Because she was the Kings delight.
Thus sorely did the Queen lament,
Her former deeds for to repent.

On the death of King *JOHN* who was poisoned by a Monk.

Tune of, *Fortune my foe.*

A Treacherous deed I shall you tell,
Which on King *John* upon a sudden fell

So

To Lincolnshire proceeding on his way,
At Swinstead Abbey one whole night he lay:
Great Chear they made to his Royal Grace,
While he remained a Guest in that place:
There did the King himself in safety think,
But there the King receiv'd his latest drink,
A flat fac'd Monk came with a glosing tale,
To give the King a Cup of spiced Ale:
A deadlier Draught was never offered man,
Yet this false Monk unto the King began.
But while he held the poysoned cup in's hand,
Our Noble King amazed much did stand:
For casting down by chance his Princely eye,
One precious Jewel which he had full nigh,
It's Orient brightness to a pale dead hue,
Was changed quite, the cause no person knew,
And such a sweat did overspread them all,
Which stood like Dew that on fair flowers fall,
For thereby was their precious nature try'd;
For precious stones foul poyson cannot abide.
Yet though the King beheld their colour pale,
Mistrusted not the poyson in the Ale:
And therefore a hearty draught did take,
Which of his life a quick dispatch did make:
The infectious Drink fum'd up into his head:
And through his veins unto his heart did spread
The groans he gave made all men to wonder,
He cast as if his heart would burst in sunder.
And then the Lords went searching all about,
In every place to find the Traytor out,

At length they found him dead as any stone,
Within a corner lying all alone,
Why then my Lords, full quickly then quoth he
A breathless King among you shall you see:
Behold he saith, my veins in pieces crack,
A grievous torment feel I in my back;
For by this poyson deadly and accurst,
I feel my heart-strings ready for to burst.
With that his eyes did turn within his head,
A pale dead colour through his face was spread
And lying Gasping with a cold faint breath,
The Royal King was overcome by death.

The trial and death of King *Charles* who was beheaded at *White-Hall, Jan.* 30. 1648.

Tune of, *Aim not too high.*

King Charles was once a Prince of great state
But he dy'd a death unfortunate,
The manner how to you I will relate,
At Westminster was call'd a Court of State,
Where Sergeant Bradshaw was Lord president
The Court being call'd, then for the K. they sent,
Charles Stuart once admitted Englands King.
Who did such woes upon the Nation bring
In setting up the Standard in the field,
Which was ỹ cause ỹ so much blood was spild
Therefore you guilty are of these sad times,
As Treason, Murther, and such like crimes.

Here

Here is your Jury for it must be so
You have your charge, plead guilty I or no,
K. As for your charge a rush I do not care,
I do desire those things are right and square.
I do desire some of you would unfold,
By whose commission you this Court do hold,
To whom the President did straight reply,
Sir you shall know by what Authority,
This Prerogative wherein we stand,
Ordain'd is by the Commons of this Land,
'Tis not for Prisoners to dispute the same,
Answer to that for which you hither came.
Then their Authority he quite deni'd,
And said by them he meant not to be tri'd:
At which the Clerk the sentence then did read
Saying Sharles Stevart thou must lose thy head;
For Murder, Treason, and for Tyranny,
And being to the Land a publick Enemy.
Then to the Scaffold streight he was conveid,
The which with mourning Cloth was overlaid
Mounting the same (quoth he) Ile little say,
For in this world I have not long to stay
With his eyes lift up to heav'n he made a prayer
And so for death did instantly prepare.
Saying, My Earthly Crown I here must leave,
Hoping a heavenly Crown for to receive:
I come, I come, Lord Jesus then he cry'd,
One blow his Head and Body did devide.

A Song on the Reigns of Q. *Mary*, Q. *Eliz.* K. *Jam.* and K. *Charles* the I. Tune is, *Dutches of Suffolk.*

WHen God had taken for our sin,
 and closed up King Edwards eyes,
Then bloody Mary did begin,
 in England for to Tyranize:
Who like unto a Tyrant Queen,
 her days on earth did spend.
But at the last her time expir'd
 her Reign came to an end.
Then after her Elizabeth,
 unto the Crown did come,
Whose blessed Reign did much rejoyce
 the hearts of all and some,
Full forty years and four she
 did Reign in great Prosperity:
Whose blessed name shall live in fame
 to all Posterity.
Next after her came James our King,
 unto the Regal Crown:
Who did maintain whilst he did reign
 firm peace to his renown.
Then to the Crown came Charles the first
 by name the best of Kings;
Although the commons them did vote,
 as needless, useless things:
And then the name of King seem'd strange
 how should it otherwise chuse,
But now the name of King again
 we may and still will use.

The

The Lovers Delight.

To the Tune of, *The Damask Rose.*

The Damask Rose, or the Lilly fair,
the Cowslip nor the Pancy,
With my true Love cannot compare,
for beauty, Love, and fancy:
She doth excel the rarest Dame,
no beauty like her moves me,
Which makes me thus extol her name,
so sweet is the Lass that loves me.
If I should speak of my true love,
as I am bound in duty,
She doth surpass the Gods above,
in each degree of beauty,
Juno, Pallas, nor Venus fair,
shines not so bright and lovely,
Ther's none that with her may compare,
so sweet, &c.
When first I saw her peerless face,
I did admire her beauty,
And I did seek with heart and voice,
to offer her all duty:

Which willingly she did accept,
so kind and loving proves she,
Which makes me thus with all respect,
say sweet, &c.
Mars though he be the God of war,
could not so deeply wound me,
As Cupid with a little Dart,
which I have plainly shown you:
Boreas with his blustring storms,
never yet pierc'd so roughly,
Cupids arrows prick like thorns,
so sweet, &c.
For her sweet sake I'le undertake,
any thing she requireth,
To sail the Seas like Captain Drake,
whose deeds there's some admireth:
What ever she commands is done,
so much her love doth move me,
She is a Precious Paragon,
so sweet, &c.
Bright Cynthia in her richest Robes,
my Love doth much resemble;
Whose beauteous beams much joy affords
which makes my heart to tremble:
So is my Love, so chast so rare,
which unto fancy moves me,
And makes me joy without compare,
so sweet, &c.
Diana and her darlings dear,
that liv'd in th' woods and Valleys,

And sport her time so chast and rare
with which no man dalleys:
Yet she is not so chast as she,
I hope none can disprove me.
O now my mind shall not remove,
so sweet, &c.
Sweet Love then I pray be true,
and think of what is spoken,
Change not thy old friend for a new
lest not thy vow be broken;
Sweet love I leave thee for this time,
for so it doth behove me,
My heart doth me compel to say,
so sweet, &c.

The Maids Answer.

My love my life, my duck my dear,
now I will yield unto thee,
All thou hast said I well did hear,
and now thy words do move me,
For to reply in answer kind,
and so thy self shall prove me,
I will not change like to the wind,
so sweet is the Lad that loves me.
Be thou my lovely Pyramus,
I'le be thy constant Thisbe,
And I am now resolved thus,
never for to displease thee,
True Love surpasses Cressus Gold,

Her

Hereafter let my Love be bold
so sweet is the Lad, &c.
Ile prove as chast unto my Love,
as ever could do any,
No fond inticements me shall move
though I am urg'd by many,
I will indure for ever kind
as it doth best behove me,
A truer mate thou shalt not find
so svveet is the Lad &c.
My daily care shall always be,
onely for to delight thee,
And I my self will be the she,
that will with joys unite thee,
Ile thee delight both noon and night,
for so my fancy moves me,
Like Cynthia I will shine bright,
unto the Lad &c.
Do not dispair my onely dear,
let not vain thoughts torment thee,
Of my true heart have thou no fear
nor do not thou absent thee,
I will remain for ever sure
though I a while do prove thee,
Till death depart Ile thine indure
so svveet is the Lad &c.
So Love adue I pray be true
I am thine own for ever,
The next time that I meet with you,
wee'l not so soon dissever.

Although we part Ile leave my heart
with him that dearly loves me.
'Tis Hymens hand must ease thy smart
for I am the Lass that loves thee.

His Reply.

O my sweet love and only dear,
thou hast reviv'd my pleasure,
Thou in my sight dost more appear,
then any earthly treasure;
I do rejoyce in my choice
and so it doth behove me,
Ile sing thy praise with heart and voice
so sweet is the Lass that loves me.

A pleasant Ditty of *Daphne* and *Appollo*.
To a pleasant new Tune.

When Daphne from fair Phœbus did fly
the west wind most sweetly did blow in her (face,
Her silken scarf shadowed her eyes
the God cry'd pitty, and held her in chase,
Stay Nimph, stay Nimph, cryes Appollo,
tarry and turn thee, O sweet Nimph stay,
Lyon nor Tyger doth thee follow,
turn thy fair eyes and look this way;
O turn, O pitty sweet,
And let our Red Lips meet,
Pitty O Daphne, pitty O pitty me,
Pitty O Daphne, O pitty me.
She gave ear unto his cry
but still did neglect him, the more he did moan.

He still did intreat, she still did deny,
and earnestly prayes him to let her alone,
Never cryes Appollo,
unless to love thou dost consent:
But with my voice I will so hollow
Ile cry to thee till life be spent:
But if thou wilt turn to me
Ile praise thy felicity,
Pitty O Daphne, &c.
Away like Venus from him she did fly
the red blood her buskins did run all down,
Her Plantiff she doth ever deny,
crying, help, help, Diana, to save my renown:
Wanton, wanton lust is near me,
cold and chast Diana hear me,
Let the Earth a Virgin bear me,
or devour me quick a Maid:
Summer pure heard her pray
And eke turn'd to her to a Bay.
Pitty O Daphne, &c.
Amazed stood Appollo then,
when he saw Daphne chang'd as she desir'd,
Accurst am I above Gods and Men,
with griefs and laments my fancies are tir'd,
Farewel false Daphne most unkind,
my Love is buried in this Grave,
Long have I sought love yet could not it find,
therefore this is my Epitaph.
This tree doth *Daphne* cover,
That never pittied Lover.

Farewel false *Daphne* that would not pitty me,
Nor be my Love, yet thou art my Tree.

The Lovers complaint for loss of his Love.

To a pleasant new Tune.

I Wander up and down,
and no body cares for me,
Though I am poor and brown,
yet constant I will be.
My dearest Love farewel,
ten thousand times adieu,
Seeing thou hast forsaken me,
and changed for a new.
I never gave thee cause
why thou should'st me forsake,
Nor never break the faithful Vow,
that thou and I did make.
Farewel my dearest Love,
I take thee at thy word,
Hard hap had I to beat the bush
and another to catch the Bird.
Now Ile go Range abroad,
Ile find some other thing,
For had I known you would have flown
I would have clipt your Wing.
Would you have clipt my Wing
she answered him again,
You might have done it in the Wood
you know the time and when.
Farewel my dearest Love,
to thee I make my suit,

Hard

Hard hap had I to graft the Tree,
and another to reap the Fruit,
I always wail in woes,
I travel still in pain,
I see my true Love where she goes
I hope she'l come again,
I heard a pritty Tune,
concerning of a Song,
A Lover mourning for his Love,
and said she had done him wrong,
He had her in the Wood,
and might have wrought his will,
Pitty it was to do him good
that had no better skill,
In woods or desart places
had I e're my Love so,
I think I should have plaid with her
before I let her go,
Had she been light of Love
I would have soon espy'd,
I trow I would have clipt her mind,
and caused her to abide:
Should I let scape the bird
that I had fast in fist,
Then let her laugh and scoff at me
and use me as she list,
He still did beat the bush
although the Bird be lost,
And being sloathful in his suit,
thus Fortune hath him crost,

If

If with my Love in woods
 ſo happy were I ſped,
I would ſuppoſe my hap were hard
 to miſs her Maiden-head,
Good friends be rul'd by me,
 that made this mournful ſong,
If thou doſt wander up and down
 thy ſelf hath done the wrong:
Therefore be rul'd by me
 and let that Lover paſs,
If thou look thy chance may be
 to find another Laſs.

The delicate wooing between two Royal Lovers.
Tune of, Robin Hood is to the Greenvvood gone.

I Salute thee ſweet Love, with Title of grace,
For Cupid commands me in heart to rejoyce
Thy honours, thy Vertue, thy favour and beauty
Which is my true ſervice, my love and my duty
Lady, Courteous kind Sir, pray let me requeſt,
How comes theſe high praiſes thus bred in your
That am but a ſtranger deſerving no love (breaſt
And void of all cauſe your effections to move.
G. What tho a ſtranger; love hath ſuch a power,
To breed our acquaintance in leſs then an hour;
Then do not unkindly my offers forſake
For nature commands you a true love to take,
L. How if a kind Lady ſhould thus be content
By meekneſs thus moved to give her conſent
And humble her honors, abaſe her degree,
To tye her beſt fortunes brave Gallant to thee.

G. If unto a Kingdom I born were by birth,
Or had at command all Nations on Earth,
Their Crowns and Scepters should lye at thy feet.
And thou be made Empress my darling so sweet.
L. But how can I fancy thy tempting tongue,
For Cupid is cunning, his shafts very strong,
For Venus once Mrs. of hearts wishing pleasure,
We over kind Ladies repent at our leisure (beams
G. May never fair morning shew forth her gold
But cover my falshood with darksome extreams,
If not as the Turtle I'le live with my Love
And never unconstant unto her will prove
L. With speed then my dearest our wedding provide
For thou art my Bridegroom and I am thy Bride.

The Mirror of Prince *Charles* the Second.

You Loyal Subjects all merry be
The King injoys his own again, and so shall we

Tune of, The King injoys his own.

COme chear up all you gallant Spirits,
For Traitors fall, and Charles inherits:
George and the rest have done their parts,
then droop no more as heretofore;
But courage up brave English hearts:
For God above hath made it known;
That now King Charles injoys his own.
The Church shall find a Reformation
And Livings freed from Sequestration,
Learning shall flourish once again,
in spight of those that did oppose,
The Clergy shall their Rites obtain:

And

And Sacriledge there shall be none,
For now King, &c.
The Protestant Reformed Religion
No more shall abide derision,
Our King defends the Faith with care,
Whose Royal will is ever still,
Gods house be made a house of Prayer;
All things in order comely done,
For now King, &c.
Countryes will be no more distrest,
By lawless Tyrants that opprest,
No Taxes shall be paid in vain,
The painful Plow shall prosper now
And good house-keeping come again;
All burthens eas'd men shall not groan,
For now King, &c.
Since the King returns hither,
So many blessings meet together,
Come praise that God whence all proceed;
And evermore let us adore,
That mercy hath three Kingdoms freed;
All glory be to God alone.
For now King, &c.
God save the King in sure protection;
Health, wealth, and peace, and all perfection;
Of endless honour and renown,
Whilst still we cry, Vivelle Roy,
And blessing still attend the Crown,
So long as shines the Sun and Moon
So long may Charles injoy his own.

FINIS.

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